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VANITY FAIR

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On the 2d and 15th pages, 20 cts. per line each insertion.
On the 16th page 25 " "
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W. H. WOODCOCK,
Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column.

THE ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. For all engaged in Building and Mechanical operations. Illustrations of practical details every week. Sample copy sent for 5 cents. $2 a-year. Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

VOL. 1. NO. 12.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
MAR. 17,
1860.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

VANITY FAIR

Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

Address, FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is vim in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon (N. J.) Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

WILL BE ISSUED REGULARLY ON WEDNESDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and will be for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Five copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$13 00
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FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

Designing and Engraving.

The Proprietor of VANITY FAIR would inform the Public at large that he has, attached to his establishment, an office for the execution of

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING,

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

and that he is prepared, at all times, to get up anything in the shape of an engraving, from

A MAMMOTH COLORED POSTER

TO A

BOOK VIGNETTE.

FRANK J. THOMPSON,

113 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

PFAFF'S!

AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT

AND

LAGER BIER SALOON,

NO. 647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

YOU WILL FIND

The Best Viands.
The Best Lager Bier.
The Best Coffee and Tea.
The Best Wines and Liquors.
The Best Havana Cigars.
The Best Company
In fine,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, "The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,

OR

THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify-OH! Try it!
ing; Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BBOADWAY.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 428
BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 428 Broadway,
Near Canal-street, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

SOMETHING UNPRECEDENTED

In the Annals of Journalism.

Vanity Fair Triumphant!!

ENORMOUS ENTERPRISE!

ALL COMPETITION KNOCKED HIGHER THAN A KITE!!

EXPENSE NO CONSIDERATION WHATEVER!

Ch-h-h! Room!! Ah!!!

The Serious Illustrated Papers having been very lavish of announcements setting forth What They Have Done, in the way of sending Artists and Writers abroad to report the Fight between Heenan and Sayers, establishing Correspondence with all parts of the World, including Sandy Hook and Kamschatka, etc., etc., etc.

Vanity Fair

is determined to distance them all, by Announcing

WHAT IT IS GOING TO DO!

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS! E PLURIBUS UNUM!

In consequence of the Immense, Ponderous, Enormous, and Most Copious Excitement which will attend the proceedings of

THE CHARLESTON AND CHICAGO CONVENTIONS,

Vanity Fair,

instead of sending Artists and Correspondents to those cities, will

GO ITSELF!

The arrangements are all completed. The Entire Establishment will proceed to Charleston and Chicago, simultaneously. The former place will be reached by a

NEW STEAMER,

Built expressly for the occasion, at an expense such as would ruin any other—or all other—Newspapers in the World!

THE GALLANT AND PECUNIOUS PUBLISHER!

THE NOBLE AND SYLPH-LIKE EDITORS!

THE DISTINGUE AND DREAMY-EYED ARTISTS!

THE WELL-DRESSED AND HALO-CROWNED CONTRIBUTORS!

THE VIRTUOUS, BUT SEDENTARY, ENGRAVERS!

THE EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE COMPOSITORS, AND VALIANT PRESSMEN!

THE DIGNIFIED PAPER-MAKERS!

THE CHARMING NAIAD WHO SCRUBS THE OFFICE, AND THE POOR, BUT HONEST, OFFICE-BOYS, BOTH EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS!

Will be accommodated with

SUMPTUOUS STATEROOMS AND NUTRITIOUS ALIMENT

for the voyage.

At the same moment, the whole company will set off for Chicago, in express-trains, furnished with gas, baths, and other modern improvements, composed and arranged solely for the VANITY FAIR troupe. The Lakes have been bridged, and rails laid down from 113 Nassau-street, N. Y., to the foot of Lake-St., Chicago, and the journey will be one ceaseless period of hilarity, mirth, and things. The VANITY FAIR train will arrive soon enough to allow of the paper being issued on its regular day, not only in Chicago, but in all cities yet discovered.

For the Charleston trip, the forward part of the

VANITY FAIR STEAMER

will be fitted up as a publishing establishment, and the Paper will be regularly issued on board! If, on arrival,

THE LORDLY PROPRIETORS

like the looks of Charleston, they will

BUY THAT CITY,

and bring it home with them as a free gift to the Corporation of New-York, to be placed in the

CENTRAL PARK!

This Brilliant Enterprise gives

Vanity Fair

a better opportunity for correctly reporting the doings of the Conventions than any other paper in the country, not excepting the Charleston and Chicago papers, the publication of which will be suspended during the VANITY FAIR SOJOURN!

TRUST NO OTHER REPORT!

The *Tribune* Correspondence will be BOGUS!

The *Herald* Correspondence will be BRUMMAGEM!

The *Times* Correspondence will be BUNGTOWN!

None Genuine except that of

VANITY FAIR!

Reported, illustrated, printed and published

ON THE SPOT!

SH-H-H! BOOM!! AH!!!

An Explanation.

The *Tribune*, last week, contained the following extraordinary announcement:—

"Sugar was steady at 9 1-2 reals."

We should like to know how a thing can be steady when it reels! If we were to see a middle-aged gentleman giving 9 1-2 reels, we should put him down as being anything but steady. A friend of ours had the misfortune to reel only once, and he was immediately accused by his mother-in-law of being in a "dreadful condition." Or, perhaps, the *Tribune* may mean that after giving 9 1-2 reels it fell, and then became steady. Or, again, the *Tribune* may intend to acquaint us with the fact that it remains steadily in the condition to give 9 1-2 reals. Will Horace thank us for *explaining* this?

Costly Embroidery.

Our Texan Border.

A MELANCHOLY SWELL'S FAREWELL TO THE GAY SEASON.

LAS! 'tis all ovah! and wetched again,
Aw weturn to my fiah and my sobah cigaw;
Fond memowy whispers unto me in vain
Of op'wa and parties, gone away evermore.

II.

Ma' fwiends were enchawnting, aw nevaw, 'tis twue,
Have passed a more fasc'nating winter than now,
Alt'o' the young ladies have had cause to wue
For a master in flirting aw will never allow!

(Here this swell "larfs" pleasantly.)

III.

The Op'wa was wefweshing, aw never, in fact,
Could select a more fwee and delicious wepose,
Where no diswespectable wowdy attacked
The fwail state of maw nerves tow'rd the Op'wa's close.

IV.

By yelling most odious and vulgah "encores,"
By making gweat wumpus and tewible wiot;
Obliwious *in toto* of æsthetical laws,
Might wudely and wongly disturb my calm quiet.

V.

Adieu to Polinto and sweet Twaviata
Bwight Colson's wich wapture forever is mute;
For white kids and cawwage, no more may we bar'er,
And hushed is the cadence of the dear "Magic Flute."

VI.

Faw well to the Lancers and waltzes! Ah me!
From sighing gweat sighs, aw cannot westwain;
Aw I'm wetched indeed, in the diwest degwee
And aw long for weturning of Jack Fwost again.

VII.

Fawewell, to thee, Pawti!—Bwignoli! Alas!
No more Twovatowe shall gladden our ears;
Aw cast to one side maw now valueless glass.
The season is over,—Aw give vent to my tears!

Wade, and what he found Wanting.

Mr. Wade (of Ohio), in his speech before the Senate, on Wednesday of last week, said:—

"The party to which I belong have been, for many years, without any power to control, in any way, the policy of the Government."

We confess that we can't see any just cause for complaint in this; the party to which Mr. Wade belongs could not be expected to get on Swimmingly.

PETRIFIED NOVELS.

LATE lamented critic, who had a pleasant habit of saying disagreeable things, suggested that our romance-writers should steal a hint from the Chinese, who, in spite of building their houses downwards, have still sense enough *to begin their books at the end.* It would be infinitely better if these imaginative ladies and gentlemen could be prevailed upon to end their books at the beginning. A general putting-into-practice of this idea would, it is true, result in the utter confusion and ultimate extermination of trunk-makers. Miss Sappho would take to fairy-like crochet-work, as she did in those days of pristine innocence ere her pretty fingers were soiled by the black kisses of Maynard & Noyes' writing-ink. Mrs. Minerva would rock a neglected cradle, and nurse her emotions. The magazines would not be left to tell a tale. There would no longer be an excuse for knocking down a publisher with one of his own publications.—And an army of hungry authors, having failed to get a livelihood by selling books, would probably have to earn a competency by keeping them. All this, indeed, would be a melancholy spectacle; but one deserving no sympathy from that earnest lover of the human species who desires the greatest good for the greatest number of people. And the greatest number is, of course, the reading community; for wherever there is one tiresome writer there are two hundred tired readers. We have just been assured by the distinguished author of "Irregular Habits" that this is not an exaggerated estimate.

Yet this proposed martyrdom of the minority for the benefit of the majority, presents salient points for serious consideration.

Suppose, now, before one of us could say "Jack Robinson"—but I trust no reader of VANITY FAIR would be guilty of so inelegant an expression—suppose that in the twinkling of an eye, (Amaryllis' eye for instance,) some marmorean Fate were to turn all the flash story-writers of this happy land into solid marble—touch them into a lapideous slumber for a hundred years, like the king and court of Tennyson's sleeping palace? Would it not play the very *diablo* among the serials, premising that all the *dramatis personæ* were also changed to stone? With what unmeaning statues would the temple of literature be strewn—what petrified types of agony, what frozen shapes of divinity, what powerless monsters, what incapable heroes, what incompleted sacrifices, what never-consummated happinesses! How full of silent mystery and suggestion and nonsense would be the world of romance. The beautiful Arabella would no longer meet Bernardo by the haunted well—she kneels, cold and pallid, in the centre of her prison-chamber, and never knows when it is morning! the grim Rival who has torn her from the arms of her lover, stands outside the door with a lifeless hand on the ponderous lock: so he will stand, motionless, breathless, for a century! The Mysterious Stranger has just sunk beneath the dagger of the Hired Assassin, but he doesn't die, and he doesn't get well, and the man in the green mask never ceases to bend gloatingly over him. The stalwart man-at-arms will never, in our day, drain the great flagon which rests on the edge of his bearded lip. The sorry jester will never shoot off the scintillant *mot* which sparkles on the adamantine tip of his tongue. Nobody can know who stole the Missing Will. The Heavy Father little guesses that the Indian maiden is his "long, long lost child"; and the twin brothers, with the venerable strawberry-mark on their arms, are still ignorant of their relationship; each has a stiletto at the other's throat, but neither can strike the fatal blow, for they are stone, stone, stone! The thrilling plot has come to a sudden stop, like a Connecticut clock, and a hundred years must pass away before the wheels and the weights, and the irritating pendulum can be put in motion.

Now, whether or not this abrupt cessation of sanguinary events would please everbody, is not the vital question. It woul l force the masses into the cultivation of better taste, however much they might miss, at first, the feverish broth which so many cooks are spoiling. At the expiration of a century, the readers of the—the *Ledger* for example, might become (it is to be hoped,) intelligent people, to whom it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether the beautiful Arabella were ruined by Bernardo's grim rival or by Bernardo himself, or, in short, by the pair of them. They would have no sympathy for the Heavy Father if he failed to find his daughter, and the hereditary strawberry-mark would delight them not.

As to ourself, the writer of these graceful paragraphs, we hail with enthusiasm the idea of literary petrification—especially as we have not, at present, a serial of our own on the tapis.

THE CONSERVATIVE'S LAMENT.

(After Tennyson.)

I.

I hate the dreadful nigger within the pile of wood,
His name is the demagogue's weapon, dabbled with blood in its sheath,
At HARPER'S FERRY still lingers a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

II.

For there is a ghastly grin on political faces found,
The nigger is all their life—they know how to manage him well—
Dandled and flattered, then crushed on political grounds—
This is the rock on which the Whig Party split and fell.

III.

Have we flung ourselves down? if so, the greatest of nations has fail'd,
Our honest men mutter and madden, our statesmen are wan with despair;
When the nigger has walked through the land, the working classes have wail'd
And the flying gold of the ruined merchants gleamed on the air

IV.

I remember the time when my bitterest bile was stirr'd
By the *Herald's* gas and the dead-weight *Times*, and the *Tribune's* fright,
When its white-coat editor said in every column, he heard
The shrill-edged shriek of Kansas divide the shuddering night.

V.

Villainy somewhere! whose? I think they are villains all;
Not one politician his honest fame has maintained:
And that old man, now lord of the WHITE-HOUSE reception hall,
Will soon drop off from his term and leave us, flaccid and drained.

VI.

Why do we prate of our Government's power? we have made it a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for tin that is not its own,
And the lust of gain, or the senator's cane, are they better or worse
Then the scalping done by the savage in war with a sharpen'd stone?

VII.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind.
When who but a fool would have faith in a politician's word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler as being political—abuse, instead of the sword.

VIII.

Sooner or later I, too, may passively take the hint
Of the golden bribe—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make myself eligible, set my face as a flint,
Cheat, be elected, and steal: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

A Suggestion for the Counter-jumper—expensive but necessary.

Unprecedented Attraction.

T. B. P—t—n and Brothers take great pleasure in sending us an advance copy of Mrs. E. D. E. N. S—th—th's new work, entitled "The H—t—d H—st—d, by the distinguished American Authoress," so-and-so, author of forty or fifty first-class works of fiction. Now there is nothing odd in this, we confess; but the peculiarity of the present contribution to "standard literature" is an "Autobiography of the Author's life, *written by herself*." This is certainly a feature that may claim the merit of novelty. The work must sell.

As the writer of the "H—t—d H—st—d" is called in one place "author," and in another, "authoress," it is, perhaps as well to know definitely who wrote the Autobiography. "Herself" seems to settle the point.

Wanted to Know.

Mister V. F. :—I am informed, and I hope corractly, that a bill has been introjuced into the state Legislature to abolish the sixpenny eating-houses. Is this intinded to meet the prisant want of Sanitary Laws so ably advocated by me frind Raymond of the *Times*?

Yours truly,

Cosigan.

More Dreadful Outrages.

There is talk, in Washington, of two new equestrian statues by Clark Mills!

A Joke,

(By Governor Wise.)

The Kidnapper's Sauce:—"Ketchup."

ZOYARA AND THE BOSTONIANS.

It is not the common thing for the people up in Boston to allow themselves to be baffled by any public question whatever, no matter how profound may be its mystery, nor how difficult its solution. The appearance of Mr. Nixon's Circus, accompanied by the Zoyara, in that region, has consequently produced a state of feeling at once intense and exhilarating. "It may be," said the Bostonians, "an easy thing for you, Mr. Nixon, to elude the circumspection of your New York audiences, especially as they never had any circumspection worth mentioning; but we, in Boston, are used to this sort of thing, and are not at all accustomed to be led by the nose anywhere excepting in the direction of Truth." So the people of Boston at once disposed themselves for scientific investigation, and, it is said, have been doing that thing ever since. We learn that, upon the opening of the Circus at the appropriately-named Academy of Music, a large number of elderly gentlemen, supposed to be *savans* of the first magnitude, took possession of the seats nearest the ring, and gave themselves up to the closest scrutiny of the Zoyara's movements, during the entire time of her performance. Immediately after her disappearance, they withdrew in a body to the *foyer*, and there held greedy consultation for several minutes, the result of all which was, that a deputation waited on Mr. Nixon, with the request that he would express his own views on the subject. Mr. Nixon's reply was neat and original:—"My little dears," said he, "whichever you please;—you pays your money, and you takes your choice." The deputation then, we are informed, retired in disgust to the Temple Club, and thereafter adjourned, to meet, the next evening, beneath the enticing shadow of the ring. Meanwhile the public at large engaged itself in animated discussions, and spread varying reports. Four distinct opinions as to the Zoyara's sex prevailed. The newspapers took the matter up, and with ingenious skill succeeded in leaving the matter in rather more doubt than surrounded it before. The *Evening Transcript* said:—

"The masculine Zoyara is in Boston, and *his* performances gave much satisfaction last night."

But the *Journal* of the next day, unwilling to admit the justice of this opinion, declared that:—

"The Zoyara is a veritable woman, a graceful and handsome specimen, too, there can be no donbt whatever."

Two leading newspapers having thus defined their positions, with a clearness and directness quite unusual in journalism, it became immediately evident that something must be done. Precisely what, we believe, has not yet been determined; although at the last accounts, there was talk of a meeting to be held in Faneuil Hall, at which the whole subject was to be fully discussed and considered, distinguished speakers to participate in the proceedings. Hon. Moses Kimball, of the Museum, was expected to preside, he being the possessor of the original Fejee Mermaid, and competent to the exposition of ingenious managerial expedients. Professor Agassiz, it was hoped, would furnish an elaborate argument, more or less appropriate to the occasion, touching on the Origin of Species, the relations between Circus proprietors and the public, and gradually leading to the inevitable conclusion that the Zoyara could be nothing in the world but a woman, unless, indeed, it could be directly proven that she is a man; in which case, reasonable room for doubt would exist, and a further investigation of the case would be desirable. Exactly how all this excitement will terminate, no person can tell, but the present prospect appears to be that it will not terminate at all; which will, doubtless, be very gratifying to the manager, who, at the close of the season, will be able to point triumphantly to the Zoyara, in full glory of decorations and adornments, and say with truth, in a double sense,—"I have made a handsome thing out of her."

Circumstances under which one may be allowed to Swear—Provided it be done Mildly.

1. When "breaking in" new boots.
2. When, from your position in an omnibus, fourteen other passengers expect you to hand up their fares,—a feat which could be better accomplished had you taken care to leave your spine at home.
3. When the family bill-of-fare begins to read:—Cold Mutton! *Cold Mutton!!* Cold Mutton!!!
4. When, after a herculean courtship of five years' standing (and kneeling), Arabella consents to regard you "only as a friend."
5. When "Hannibal" (not the son of Hamilcar, but the elephant at Palace Garden,) takes a fancy to your maiden "high hat," and, knocking it off, coolly "puts his foot in it."
6. When your friends listen to your very best jokes as they would to so many mathematical problems.
7. When there is a bill on your house, and the "House-hunters" get the scent.

COUNTER-JUMPS.

A POEMETTINA.—AFTER WALT WHITMAN.

I AM the Counter-jumper, weak and effeminate.
I love to loaf and lie about dry-goods.
I loaf and invite the Buyer.
I am the essence of retail. The sum and result of small profits and quick returns.
The Picayune is part of me, and so is the half cent, and the mill only arithmetically appreciable.
The shining, cheap-woven sarsnet is of me, and I am of it.
And the white bobinet,
And the moire antique, thickly webbed and strown with impossible flowers,
And the warm winter gloves lined with fur,
And the delicate summer gloves of silk threads,
And the intermediate ones built of the hide of the Swedish rat,
All these things are of me, and many more also.
For I am the shop, and the counter, and the till,
But particularly the last.
And I explore and rummage the till, and am at home in it.
And I am the shelves on which lie the damaged goods;
The damaged goods themselves I am,
And I ask what's the damage?
I am the crate, and the hamper, and the yard-wand, and the box of silks fresh from France,
And when I came into the world I paid duty,
And I never did my duty,
And never intend to do it.
For I am the creature of weak depravities;
I am the Counter-jumper;
I sound my feeble yelp over the woofs of the World.

OUR LAW INTELLIGENCE.

TOUJOURS SPURGEON.—An interesting case, involving the whole Law of Sacred Sweetmeats and Clerical Comfits, has recently been decided in London. Mr. Watkins was persuaded by his wife to give an evening party, and we need hardly say, yielded to the bland importunity of his better two-thirds. Mr. Watkins commanded a supply of bon-bon for the hilarious gathering. The spirit of the age is pictorial and biographic; and Mr. Watkins, therefore, ordered portraiture bon-bon—expecting, of course, quite a gallery, or rather tray-full of the gallant, the gifted, the good, and the great in counterfeit presentment. The confectioner sent home the variegated delicacies. The guests gathered; the voice of the violin was heard in the drawing-room; the floors trembled to the dancers dancing in tune; young Meerschaum was in his maddest, mirthful mood; Beauty beamed upon Bravery; music arose with its voluptuous swell, when from one gay group to another ran the welcome murmur—"Supper!" The bon-bon were distributed. What anxiety is depicted upon that fair young face! With what a gentle tremor do those taper fingers untwine the fringed and golden envelope! How those lake-hued eyes brighten, as the lake-hued lips whisper—"Mario, I hope—D'Orsey, perhaps—Spurgeon, good gracious!" Yes, it was he! Not the romantic visage of the dulcet and delicate tenor—not that head of the late Count, so suggestive in its hirsute luxury of brushes by the wagon load, and of Macassar by the puncheon—but the lineaments of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon! From one end of the board to the other flew the exclamation, "Spurgeon!" Everybody had drawn Spurgeon, not to quote profanely, it was:

Spurgeon su—Spurgeon cziu—
Spurgeon qua—Spurgeon la!

We would not speak disrespectfully of the great preacher, but we just don't think he has a nice face for an evening party. His best friends, the lithographers, although they have everything their own way, and a wayward way it sometimes is, do not attempt to present Mr. Spurgeon as the Rev. Apollo Belvidere. We are not sworn believers in that Philosopher of Figure Heads and Monarch of Mugs, Dr. John Caspar Lavater. In spite of his facial flabbiness, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is, no doubt, a gentleman, an orator, and a scholar. But he does not engrave well for bon-bon wrappers. Such a good man is altogether too good for the goodies; and any young lady who has seen the pious portrait in the shop-windows for an age—we mean a certain age, of course—may be pardoned for seeking a less familiar countenance in the haunts of fashion and festivity. Besides, how might that severe face put the fiddler out of tune, and discourage the most enthusiastic and long-winded cornet-a-piston! How might it bring heaviness to the lightest and most fantastic toes! How might it bring the German to an untimely end, in spite of its natural longevity! Mr. Watkins, justly indignant, refused to pay the artist in sugar, and bade him go to the deuce with his confounded tray. Of course, thus requested, Mr. Watkins went to law. The Court, being a jolly Court, non-suited the serious-minded confectioner, who will probably, hereafter, confine his portraits of Spurgeon to the Bronchial Comfits which he tenderly and scientifically prepares for sore-throated exhorters, and the "organs" of young ladies who sing in Don Giovanni at the Opera House, and in Elijah at Exeter Hall.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S NIGHTMARE.

It is not in the nature of some men to keep still under any circumstances. You might pile a family of quiet hills on the head and shoulders of Etna, but still that mountain would blaze and bellow. The same may be said of the Rev. Theodore Parker, who is a moral Etna in a chronic state of eruption. We are therefore not surprised to find in the Boston papers a second letter from him on the subject of John Brown, written in the shadows of St. Peter's, amid the colossal grandeurs of Rome. We have all given up J. Brown in these parts. He is not mentioned unless it is absolutely necessary. The national air is clearer for that great thunder-bolt propelled into it by a strange destiny. The people everywhere are restored to their temper, and their business, and can afford to laugh at the frights and follies they were betrayed into by one old Round head, born in a wrong age. Therefore these letters of Mr. Parker come like dreams of the past, and the only serious thought they provoke is a sad apprehension that while all this country is smiling in serene peace and content, the gray ghost of John Brown will be periodically appearing, stirred by Mr. Parker, far away in Rome, and moved upon our happy horizon like the most disagreeable of puppets, controlled by the wire of one man's will. Accordingly and hence, it may not be indelicate to suggest to the intimate friends of the Rev. Theodore Parker the propriety of intimating to him in his classic retirement that his fellow citizens have been thoroughly done Brown, and that in the way of correspondence nothing is more interesting to the general reader than graphic descriptions of famous places and persons, such as the Coliseum (moonlit, if possible,) and his Serenity, Pius IX.

Yet an appalling doubt will interfere. For we read toward the close of the epistle these words: "But I did not mean to write you such a letter as this—*it wrote itself*, and I couldn't help it." If this letter wrote itself, why should not an indefinite number of letters, now floating in Mr. Parker's brain, also write themselves? And what is to prevent all these letters, after writing themselves, from coloring themselves Brown? Indeed a gloomy prospect is before us, and we do trust that the press of Boston will not fear to offend Music Hall, but see the propriety of refusing further contributions from the Rev. Theodore Parker, whose nightmare is Brown.

Seasonable Con.

BY A YOUNG PERSON OF DEFICIENT INTELLECT.

Why is a summer like Pride?
Because it Goeth before a Fall!

A VALUABLE COLLECTION.

"So frequent have these robberies on the part of servant-girls become, of late, and so difficult is it to convict the real offenders, that the ends of justice would be greatly furthered if heads of families throughout the city—borrowing an idea from the Rogues' Gallery—would have the portraits taken of the different domestics whom they may engage."—*New-York Herald, Feb. 3d*, 1860.

MR. VAN GOOSLEBERRY ADOPTS THE SUGGESTION OF OUR WORTHY FRIEND BENNETT. HE IS REPRESENTED ABOVE AS EXHIBITING TO A LADY FRIEND THE RESULT OF A FORTNIGHT'S EXPERIENCE OF THE SYSTEM.

DIPLOMACY AND BUSINESS.

THE extreme and unconquerable *cheek*, of the Purely Commercial Man is admirable beyond all expression. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, wine-merchant, of Cincinnati, is a type of the Purely Commercial Man. Mr. Longworth has become very wealthy by his business talents. He is a capitalist—a nabob—a millionaire—a Crœsus—and a donkey, except from a commercial point of view.

Mr. Dallas, our Minister to the Court of St. James, is very much of a gentleman, and very little of a Commercial Man. The unwashed philosophers of the *Tribune*, who seem to think that good-breeding, good raiment, and good-nature are not gentlemanly attributes in any sense, assert that Mr. Dallas is not a gentleman, because he refused to act as a commission-merchant for Mr. Longworth. That person sent two bottles of his wine to Mr. Dallas, with a request that he should drink one and sell the other to his family grocer, at as good a profit as possible. The request was mildly, but firmly denied, and the *Tribune*, in order to please the masses—to whom the idea of dignity and courtliness is disgusting—assail the Embassador with all sorts of abuse, because he is not willing to chaffer and truckle with trades-people, in addition to his legitimate diplomatic duties.

A poet, named Longfellow, a man of *esprit*, once wrote a poem, beginning :—

"Catawba, I love thee Still !"

or somehow in that manner; ever since which, Mr. Longworth has expected all men of *esprit* and position to advertise his wine. Mr. Dallas, who is dignified to an almost alarming degree, couldn't see it. We can't see it. Nobody can see it. Hence, the wine has not been very extensively advertised, except at its proprietor's expense. But the *Tribune* says this is all wrong. Mr. Dallas is hired by the government, and therefore ought to be Mr. Longworth's commission-merchant! He should be kept up to the eyes in wine, cheese, iron-ware, pickles, flannels, onions, axe-handles, cigars, and everything else that American tradesmen might please to send him. If he refuses he is no gentleman, and is not interested in the starting of "idle spindles." This is not very logical perhaps, but is very much in the style of the *Tribune*, and we beg to call the attention of our readers to our artist's conception of the state of things that would shortly exist, among our plenipotentaries, if the teachings of that paper were realized. Shall such things be?

HOW MANY RICHMONDS?

The *Herald* is advocating still another candidate for the Presidency. On Saturday last, it continued its sketches of the men before the people, and after mentioning several of the Union Opposition candidates, said, editorially :

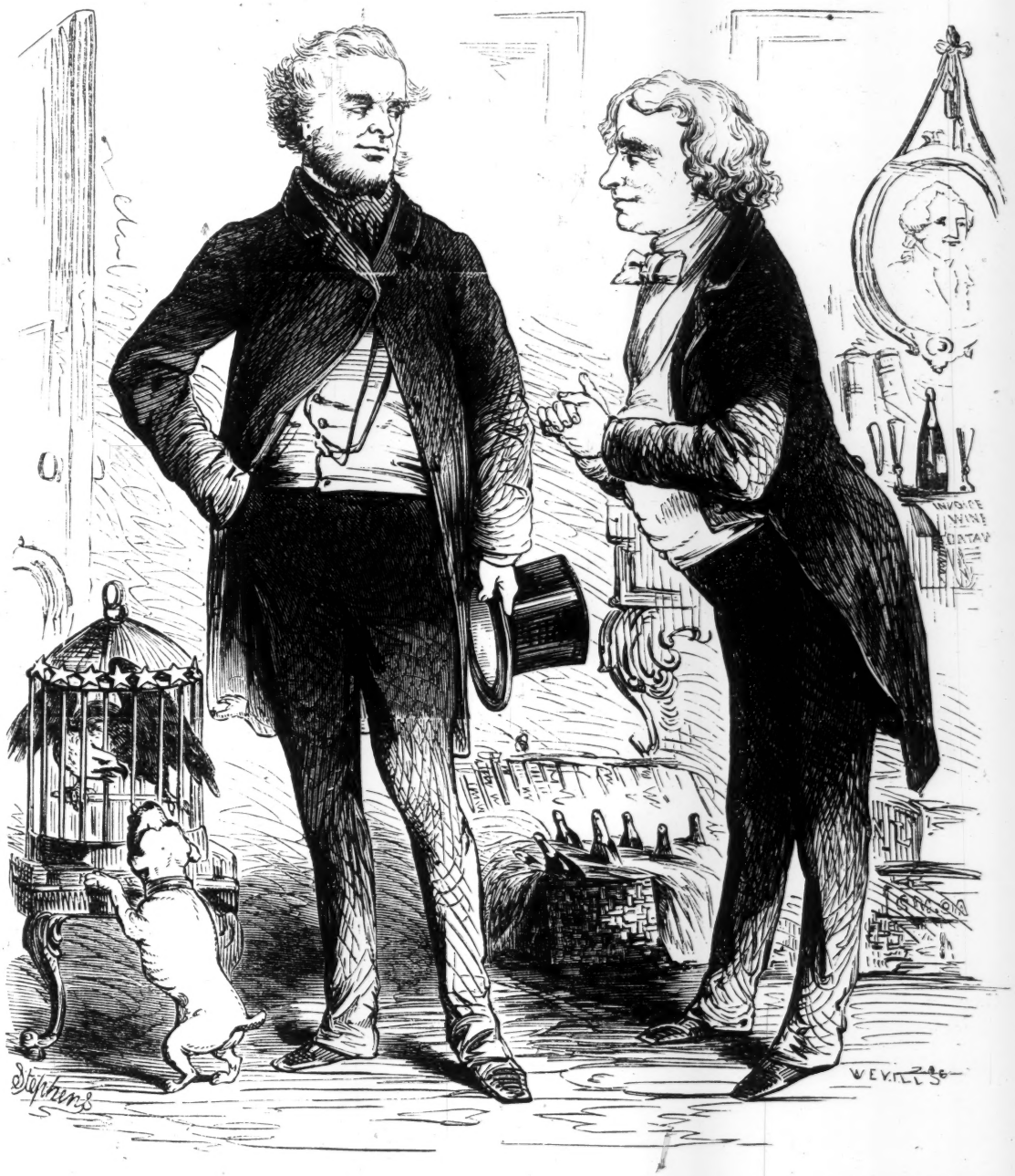
"These are all prominent and popular men. Bell, perhaps, would make the best race next to Sam Houston, who would undoubtedly be the most winning man of the whole. Though we have mentioned him among the democratic candidates, he may be taken up by the opposition."

The *Herald* has evidently forgotten what it said on the 2nd of February, about another gentleman whom it had occasionally "mentioned among the democratic candidates," as "the most winning man of the whole." We must jog the *Herald's* memory again :—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

The Seeds of Rebellion in Massachusetts.

Lynn-seed.



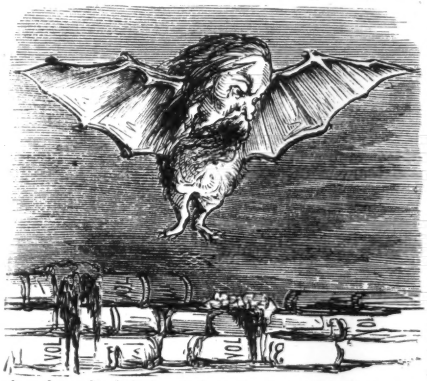
THE WHOLE DUTY OF THE FOREIGN MINISTER,

AS LAID DOWN BY THE TRIBUNE.

AMBASSADOR DALLAS (*to Lord P— m—st—n.*)—WELL, WE'RE NOT PREPARED, MY LORD, TO ARRANGE THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR THIS MORNING, BUT I CAN PUT YOU IN A FEW BASKETS OF SPARKLING CATAWBA AT A LOW FIGURE.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Literary Ghoul.



HIS strange and horrible creature belongs to a race which humanity, in its blind credulity, had believed extinct. It is true that its family does not multiply with ease, and that the hatred which mankind feels toward it tends frequently to its complete extermination. But still it walks the earth, and at evil times rises from its lair to perform its heartless and detested works.

One of the most revolting specimens of the Literary Ghoul appeared and flourished in New York some years ago. It was known among men as Griswold, and the unfortunate victim of its diseased appetite was Poe. Ignorant of the Ghoul's real nature, Poe gave himself, when dying, into his hands, trusting that some share of that tenderness with which the memory of the unhappy dead touches all true hearts, would be shown to him. But how the Ghoul rejoiced! How he tore and trampled on the spirit which he felt to be for the first time incapable of resistance within his grasp! The world has not forgotten this.

Another specimen, certainly not less painful, was recently known to exist in London. It was called Trelawney, and with a singular exaggeration of its miserable character, it delayed until many years after its victim's death, the accomplishment of its foul design. The stains which this Ghoul sought to fix upon his master, Byron, only rested with tenfold blackness upon himself.

A more remarkable specimen has, within a few weeks, been discovered in the city of Boston. Of the habits and practices of this one, much is known. That he stands as a type of the race to which he belongs, is by no means certain; yet, in the general movements of his life, in his cautiously-laid plans, in his anxious preparations, and in the triumphant glee with which he rushes to the results of his subtle snares, it may safely be assumed that he furnishes a fair example of the usual course of his species.

The Boston Ghoul is frank and free, innocent, to all appearance, and incapable of great wrong. Early in life he fastens upon his victim. He pursues him remorselessly, but always with a smile. He clings to him, and wins him with words of affection. He invades his home, and gathers all that is held sacred from the stranger. He never leaves his victim free from his deceitful presence. But the victim, unconscious of the shadow that pursues him, although often wearied and harassed, finds in his great heart a corner for the Ghoul to rest in. He heedlessly aids the very plans that are working for his own evil, and for the sorrow and distress of those most near and dear whom he may leave in dying. The Ghoul takes courage. From month to month, and from year to year, he waits coldly and calmly, noting every sign, retaining each chance syllable, gloating over the glorious achievement that is to come. Thus sparing no toil, and ever watching with keenest eye, he weaves his noiseless web about his victim.

At last, death claims the little that is mortal of this man. There are few who do not yield a true regret. But the Ghoul is now free to fulfil his ends. Forth come his ill-digested pages, teeming with distortions and hideous disfigurements. By his reckless hand, his victim is raised before the world in form so painful and unnatural that men who knew him when alive, are loth to look upon it. Careless of all but his own exaltation, he heeds no creed but his own, and in a loud voice justifies his profanation. The scorn of all who surround him is pointed at him, but he withers not; for this has been the purpose of his life, and, banqueting upon the dead, he finds his great reward.

Distressing Casualty.

President Buchanan, last week, spoke well of a gentleman who had done him a kindness during the Presidential campaign.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages."

Ask two rival beauties how old they are.

THE STRIKES IN NEW-YORK.

The Cause of the Strikes,

THE "UNSMOTHERABLE SHINDY,"

&c., &c., &c.

The workmen of New England are showing anything but a good example to those of New-York. Since the shoemakers of New England have refused to strike their lapstones, rumors of great discontent, among the workmen on Manhattan Island, have risen around us. Indeed, it was whispered, that a strike was threatened, so we immediately despatched a large corps of reporters to glean as much information as possible. How they have succeeded will easily be discovered by perusing

OUR REPORT.

Much dissatisfaction had been expressed by the laborers employed on the Central Park, on account of the arbitrary measures adopted by the foreman of the works, who refused to allow the men to leave their employment, at irregular intervals, to obtain refreshments In consequence of this severe restriction, the men, in a body, left their work at twelve o'clock. From all appearances the strike had been well planned, as the men had a plentiful supply of provisions with them, being determined, no doubt, to hold out as long as possible. The workmen congregated in small bodies, and talked over their grievances; after they had all smoked a pipe a-piece, we presume some arrangements were entered into, for they returned to their work at one o'clock.

The clerks connected with a large importing house down town, also turned out yesterday (from their various boarding houses) but turned in again at bed time.

Mr. Deadbroke's landlady struck yesterday, as also his washerwoman, in consequence of which Mr. Deadbroke had to turn out, and has not succeeded, as yet, in obtaining a new landlady.

LATEST PARTICULARS.

The laborers at the Central Park left their work again at six o'clock, and have all departed to their homes. We would advise the Committee to put a stop to this constant striking; let them employ a fresh gang of men, and not, on any consideration, allow those who have left their work to resume it.

Our reporter intends staying at the Central Park the remainder of this week: if anything of any moment occurs we shall publish a new edition.

THE VERY LATEST.

(Reported by the Editor.)

Strikes are catching. The whole of our literary and artistic corps have struck for higher wages!!!! We were absent at the time and the presses came to a stand still. A general gloom spread over the land. Upon our return, we told our numerous contributors, mildly, but firmly, that it was impossible to accede to their demands, as already they had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of their money by Saturday night. We are sorry to report that at this juncture we were groaned at, and a strong determination was expressed not to do any more work. Upon our promising them—a promise, by the way, we don't intend to keep—a free passage to England, for the purpose of witnessing the great fight between Heenan and Sayers, they resumed work. The presses are once more in motion, and VANITY FAIR will continue to gladden the world.

LIGHT AT LAST.

We find the following acute information in a late number of the London *Times*. Average Americans will find it worth their while to glance over the extract. They will be sure to learn a deal from it:—

It may be thought that Congress has an immense deal to do in regulating the finance of a great and industrious people, and in solving the numerous problems of legislation which baffle the timid statesmen of old communities trammelled by inveterate traditions, and lorded over by monarchies and aristocracies. *No mistake can be more complete.* It takes a vast deal of oratory to spin out the session and to fill up the requisite period allotted to deliberations by which nothing is decided. The *Assembly*, at least, which has no executive duties to perform, leads a tolerably easy life until in the last week or two, and under the stifling heat of a Washington Summer, it hurries through, in an almost continuous session, the work that should properly have been spread over many months. The fact is, the Federal *Legislature* does not enjoy in America anything like the importance, nor does it exercise the influence of the English Parliament. The void which it would create, were it to disappear altogether, is one that it would be by no means impossible to fill up.

When one is master of his subject, how entertaining he is certain to be!

The Godenski Cap.

1. He has bought a Godenski Cap—but in attempting to bow to a lady finds the want of a brim.

2. He, however, gets his cap off the best way he can.

3. A bright idea strikes him—he attaches a handle to it.

4. How it works.

To the Proprietors of Great Unknowns.

The What Is It, at Barnum's Museum, has achieved a success which we cannot wholly attribute to its own intrinsic charms. As every day of its triumphal career attests that there is a great deal in a name, we beg leave to suggest to all the proprietors of Zoyaras now in the country, the propriety of adopting more mysterious and captivating titles for their daring creatures. How would the No You Don't sound, or the It Mought And Then Again It Moughtn't? The Where Did It Come From would draw, it seems to us, and advertising genius could scarcely go farther than the announcement in block letters, one foot high, of the What Do You Think, or the How Does It Strike You.

—o—

The Main Quetion.

The Washington Statue has been a good deal criticized since its inauguration, and great objection has been made to the tail of the horse. In view of this, it has been suggested that the horse be taken to pieces, and modelled over anew. This, however, would be a very unnecessary expenditure as the animal is considered all right In The Mane.

—o—

Exception to a Rule.

Although it is said that extremes always meet, yet it is certain that the extreme absurdity of the incoming fashion for ladies' bonnets does not meet the approval of any reasonable being.

—o—

Tupper for Congressmen.

A babe in the House is a well-spring of pleasure.
So is Order.

—o—

Our Law-maker at Albany.

George Law.

PHILADELPHIA CORKED UP.

The *North American and United States Gazette* is all published in Philadelphia. Although devoted to the commercial interests of the city, its bright fantastic spirit has won it a place in the social circle which few journals are ever permitted to attain. In the issue of the 8th inst the fact of a speedy cessation of opera was the basis of the following reflections:

"To the musical circles of Philadelphia this will convey a melancholy sensation, for the opera is fast becoming a necessity of fashionable life, and when it is away there is a great void in society. Present in the city, it serves as a rallying-point, where all the coteries meet and gossip about each other, and everything else imaginable is a topic of polite conversation. And oh! how their tongues go between the acts. One sees everybody else talking, and the sound of soft voices, and the sparkle of bright eyes, and the gestures of pretty fans, render the temptation to talk irresistible. No matter what it may be about, conversation is indispensable. And all this is to come to a dead stop on Saturday night! Is it not shocking?"

We should say very shocking. But there is really no reason why Philadelphia should give up its talking just because the opera is gone away. The pictures now on exhibition—"The Heart of the Andes," and Church's and Gignoux's "Niagara"—will afford the same charming opportunities for "polite conversation." Art appeals to the tongue with just as much force from the canvass as from the stage. If, however, these amusing works should "convey a melancholy sensation," all the coteries might resolve themselves into a mass meeting before the Continental, and there, inspired by the noble architecture of that stately pile, "gossip about each other" to their hearts' content. At all events, let there be no "dead stop."

"Mother Goose" for Counter-Jumpers.

Robin a-bobbin, the dry-goods clerk,
Dressed better than *real men* who did *real work*;
It sported a beard;
Through an eye-glass it leered;
Measured ribbons and guimpure
With a smirk and a simper;
Yet the creature complained that its salary wa'n't full.

HERE AND THERE.

O we are to have a Zoological Garden in the Central Park. This is a good thing. Animated Nature is one of the most pleasing studies, and a most profitable one, especially to the cake and candy sellers who frequent the neighborhood of all menageries. The establishment in contemplation will be of the greatest benefit to that precarious being, the item reporter of the daily newspapers. The surly Bruin will, of course, have his pit and his pole, and the usual number of innocent babies will fall from their nurses' arms and be devoured in public, to be reproduced in type under the title of Horrible Accident. Little Evesdrop, who, on one occasion, was known to hire lodgings opposite the Cooper Institute when it was in course of erection, in order to be on the spot when the usual hod carrier fell, will haunt the Bengal tiger's abode, and be sure to be present when the elephant devours the lady's bonnet, and it will be all served up in glorious and expansive phraseology to the night editor who will ruthlessly cut down all Evesdrop's flowers of rhetoric, and reduce his epic to a paragraph. On the whole I think the Zoological Garden will be a good thing. Of course there will be the usual civic battles. Grumpy will stick his hands in his pockets and growl out that he don't want any rampagious wild animals about, and what's more, don't want to pay taxes for them. A dog and a cat are all he wants. As to knowledge, and science, and popular improvement, it's all fudge, sir. He didn't have no science when he went into the wholesale groceries, and look at him now. I do look at you Grumpy, and an ugly sight you are. You have plenty of money, I know, but who likes you? Your own wife is never so happy as when you are in the basement or down town, and your son cuts you on Broadway. Thank heaven that you and your friend Frumpy can't prevent us poor fellows from having our cheap Zoology and our fresh air. So you had better make up your mind to the tax and have done with it.

"Walk into our parlor, and behold our drawing-room entertainment," said Captain Morton Price and Miss Catherine Lucette, through the organ of a poster, to Mephisto and myself, as we strolled up Broadway, one evening last week. Of course we walked in, and beheld Captain Morton Price and Miss C. Lucette. Captain Price is one of those mysterious military men who annually appear in this country, surrounded with cloudy rumors of having been in the Guards, and of dropping in to dine with the Queen whenever he had no outside engagements. Whenever these heroes take to acting, or to selling pictures, or to acting as agent for somebody's patent gin, they are always doing it for a bet. Vast and weighty sums of gold depend on their earning a certain sum of money within a year. Paragraphs appear in the papers to this effect, and a certain Jim Baggs-ian notoriety attaches itself to the man of war. Fifth Avenue people dine the dashing fellow, and discover in all his actions a certain veiled, aristocratic grace. The son of Mars performs, and the admirers of the British Lion on a spree flock to see his abominable acting, or to listen to his worse singing, and the bold soldier boy fills his pocket, and, like the great Orion, Slopes gently to the West. Captain Morton Price, according to his own account, is flashing his histrion for a bet. I am by far too well-bred to doubt the martial comedian's word, but, in spite of a personal explanation which he made on the evening in question, I may be permitted to say that his elucidation of his antecedents was, to say the least of it, muggy. However, the question is, not what Captain Morton Price is, but what Captain Morton Price did. Captain Morton Price changed his clothes three times during the evening, and as clothes seemed to form the chief incident of the entertainment, I cannot help remarking that I have no ambition to form any acquaintance with his tailor, even should the introduction be attended with unlimited credit. Captain Morton Price represented three Captains Morton Price, two of them bearing other different names on this occasion. Each person represented was supposed to be an English gentleman, and if the impersonation is at all truthful, I feel rather sorry for the British female. One of the captains M. P. had occasion to breakfast with a young lady tête-a-tête, and certainly I never saw a meal so curiously conducted. One of the first points the Captain made was to put his hat on a bust of Shakspeare, which joke occasioned such quiet enjoyment to the select audience of thirty persons (paying) and twenty (free) that not a laugh was heard. The rest of the fun consisted in M. P. filling his mouth with meat, and talking thick to the young lady. Then she sang a song, and he sang a song at her request, said "she" displaying an extraordinary clairvoyance with regard to what song he was about to break into, as without the slightest consultation she hit upon the very one. Then M. P. rubbed his chin several times against the young lady's cheek, all of which she took wonderfully well; then he got on his knees and proposed, and she said "don't" and he said "do," and the usual song ensued, and all was serene. But why, in the name of all that is lovely, did M. P. ever make a bet that he could earn money by acting? Without appearance, without manners, and with two distinct voices one proceeding from the roof of the building, the other located in his boots, and each jostling the other for precedence, there could not have been a more unpleasant exhibition than M. P. Miss Lucette, who is pretty, and sings nicely, acts as a sort of dramatic life-boat to the gallant Captain, I presume. The man tried to bamboozle us with his patriotism, and sang a song of his own, "vive l'America," in which the "star-spangled" floated widely; but it was no go. Americans will stand any amount of Buncombe from an American, but the foreign palaver they can't stomach. M. P.'s eagle was a dead failure.

Mrs. Benicia, Ada Isaac Menken Heenan Boy is making a considerable stir in the papers. Her poetic effusions, teeming with astronomical figures, are extensively copied. One illustrated paper, distinguished for grammar and enterprise, furnishes us with a life and portrait of the fair bride of the champion. The biographer performs his task in an elegant as well as cautious style. He tells us with the most commendable prudence of statement, that

> "Mrs. Heenan's maiden name must have been Campbell, for she is the daughter of the late Dr. Josiah Campbell, of New Orleans.

Having relieved our minds of all doubt regarding the lady's name the great biographer proceeds to inform us that "Ada has never been inside of a theatre, *consequently* had never seen a performance." Ordinary minds would not, perhaps, consider this very wonderful, as people do not usually see through stone walls, but considering the gifted person who is the subject of his memoir, the statement ceases to be platitude.

Her first appearance on any stage is described in the following gushing strain:—

> "Gazing upon a thousand upturned faces, listening to the soft music of the orchestra, inhaling the fumes of blue and white fire, could she not see in the long, long distance, the features of her darling Benicia Boy, 'the best and bravest man in the world?'"

I am sure I have not the slightest idea whether she saw the Benicia or not, but if she did, under the above-mentioned circumstances, she must have no common powers of vision. "Inhaling the fumes of blue and white fire," is not a favorable condition for close observation. It is not impossible that this extraordinary ordeal to which she was subjected accounts in some measure for the marvellous eyes which decorate her portrait in the *N. Y. Illustrated News*. Their area, I should say, was about twelve square feet, and they look as if they never would close in the world. But enough of the Benicia's bride. He might, if I went any farther, throw up his engagement with Sayers, and come back and pummel me.

Signed,

Epigram.

FOR THE STUDENTS OF THE "DICTIONARY OF SLANG."

TOM, drinking his sherry and writing a song
(Such things will at times come to pass),
Makes a dive for the inkstand, but, getting it wrong,
Dips the nib of his pen in the glass.
"Ah! what have I done?" he exclaims in surprise,
As WILL shakes with laughter his ribs;
"Done? nothing," says WILLIAM, more witty than wise,
"Except that you've Sherried your Nibs!"

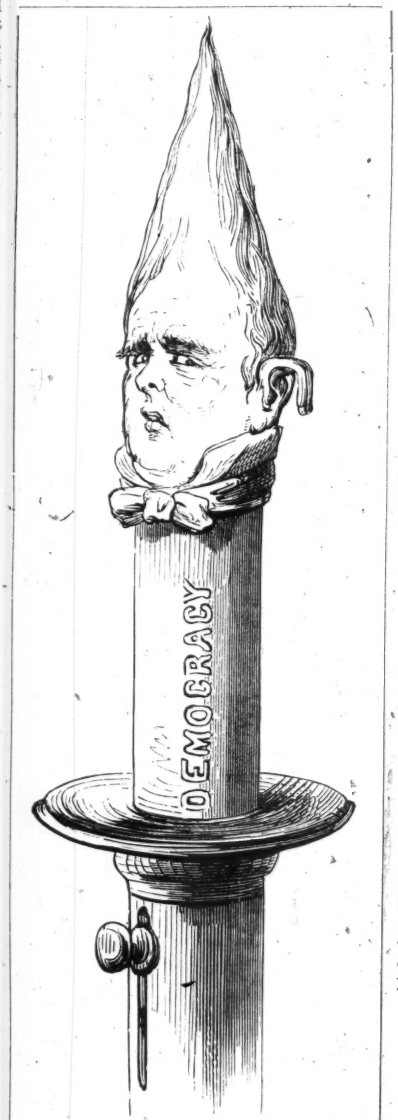
THE GOVERNOR'S GREATNESS.

When Shakspeare inscribed that familiar quotation, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," he knew (bless his dear old eyes!) that there would be United States Governors, one of whose prerogatives it would be to attach titles to the names of innocent and unoffending omen, who have done nothing to deserve them. In spite of their arduous efforts to be nobody, modest citizens are, at any moment, liable to wake up and find themselves somebody. We are all at the mercy of the Guvnor. Has it been our pleasure to belong to a militia company, for the sake of the exercise, perhaps, or to display to good advantage a figure of neat and graceful proportions? Let us not be surprised at any time to receive a formidable mass of correspondence from the seat of government, conveying intelligence that we have been suddenly set apart for Assistant Judge Associate General, with the rank of Major! As a lawyer, have we made it our constant study how not to intrude ourself before the public, and to sustain ourself in all modest graces, and not to let ourself be seen or heard of men only when it is absolutely necessary that the voice of ourself should be raised in behalf of injured innocence or disabled guilt? Let us not emit a gentle objurgation from beneath the sheets if at a fabulously early hour of the morning, we are aroused from our slumbers by a long document, apprizing us that we are an Aid. Vain thought, that we are a little man, quite unequal to the frightful emergencies of the Governor! Absurd idea! banish it at once, that we cannot leave home to protect the Governor's person—that we have business that will keep us away from the Capital—that the only weapon in the house is a revolutionary sword, inherited from our greatest grandfather, and now used by the children for chopping their 'hobby-horses' heads and tails off. The Governor will have our assistance—therefore let us immediately arise and buckle on the best armor we can get and go forth to him!

We do not thirst for glory. Thank ye Guvnor; no greatness for us, we say. But O, it will not do! Farewell, peace of mind! a long farewell to all our littleness. There shall be no more sleep for us, but through the long nights we shall restless lie, wondering if the Governor needs us now. A personal responsibility weighs down our eyelids. By day we are thinking of him in danger and distress, assailed by numerous hosts of adversaries, and crying in vain for his Aid.

There is now, in the city of Philadelphia, a gentleman whose constant depression and occasional bitterness awaken the liveliest apprehensions of his friends. Always distinguished for the playful exuberance of his manners, universally esteemed as the prince of good fellows, eagerly sought for all social occasions, yet possessed of a retiring disposition, and notoriously averse to publicity, a strange change was suddenly observed to come over him. The salutes of his old companions were seen to sadden his countenance, and he hurried by with no other acknowledgment than a half-resentful, half-supplicating glance. In a very few days, those who had known him biggest and best were scarcely able to recognize the once glorious fellow. A Committee was appointed to wait upon him, and, if possible, ascertain the cause of the peculiar malady, and prescribe a suitable remedy. They found him sitting in an obscure apartment, haggard and solus, but he arose when they entered, and received them with a subdued courtesy which instantly melted the youngest man of the party. After much gentle soliciting, he unfolded his tale, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Gentlemen, I was once a simple and a happy man, but Governor Packer has made me Major!" and fell into the arms of his chair.

We call it a downright shame. What is our boasted freedom, if it brings us no immunity from greatness? Is not the crop of Colonels, Majors, and Generals, and also Major-Generals, together with Assistant-Major-Generals, sufficiently large already, that paltry Governors should have it in their power thus to sow titles throughout the land? Let an indignant people rise in their might, and hurl back the Governor's greatness.



"Good Night."

FREE (AND EASY) SCHOOLS.

We are a wonderfully enlightened people. We have cheap books to read, Park Benjamin to lecture to us, and Free schools to teach us. When ignorant foreign nations, like England and France, rile us, we scratch the head of our pet eagle and proudly talk of free thought and free education. All over the surface of this great and glorious land, sir, is spreading a vast net-work of scholastic system. The States are prolific of professors, school-marms and school-masters. Learning is running wild about the country, and, fortunately for the newspapers, every one of us can read, and, unfortunately for the banks, every one of us can write. We are an eminently accomplished race, and some day or other we will knock stars out of the rest of the Universe.

Sometimes, however, our enthusiasm over the blessings of our system of free education encounters something like a damper. That we have plenty of free schools is beyond a doubt, but how far their freedom is carried is yet a matter to be discussed. Do the scholars learn anything in many of these schools? Are the teachers competent, and are they elected and examined previous to election by competent people? Perhaps the best reply to these queries will be to print verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim, the following letter which was written by a teacher in one of the free schools of this State. We assure the Reader, that the letter is entirely genuine, and that no attempt has been made to heighten the elegance of its style or to adorn its orthography:—

Ellensville, Ulster County N. Y., Feb 23 1860.

Dear Sir:—I reseve youer letter on sed suit and, the amount of cost His ruler on consider i Think Mr. Schoonmaker has bin in his bill, and i not noing i od him N. G. Graman and Hardenburg i new i owd a bill but noing i woure puer that yo i wold not charg euch a bill has Mr Schoonmaker sent in Mr Hardenburg ples send me a bill and omit my Surkamestans And i will send it to you And O. B yo'ter

C. Woods.

There is certainly a freedom of style and spelling about this marvellous epistle which entitles it to the consideration of all such eminent scholars as Messrs. Webster and Worcester. It is a pleasing speculation to reflect upon the scholastic brilliancy of the pupils coming from under Mr. Woods' tutelage How chaste must be their language and style of composition! How varied their attainments in the several branches of learning! Such is our admiration for the untrammelled genius which prances through the rhetoric of Woods that we would like much to have the names of the principal who examined him, and the committee that appointed him a teacher of the young idea. These people must be a treasure to their country, and a pride to Ulster County. A collection of the literature of that district would doubtless exercise as improving an influence on the literature of America, as the Yellow-plush Papers did upon the literature of England. Still we would say to the juvenile who is passing through the hands of Ulster County teachers, "Don't holler on your spelling till you're out of the Woods."

Con. By a Rebellious Journeyman of Lynn.

Why is our employer like the Red Sea?
Because he is *not* the Bos-phorus.

Austria's Lament.

"A-loan, a-loan, ah woe, a-loan!"

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BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

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